

## Thinking in Portals

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Category: Half-Life

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-12-29 20:55:34

Updated: 2007-12-29 20:55:34

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:04:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 646

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Now you are thinking in portals! A small collection of ficlets and drabbles based on the star of The Orange Box, Portal.

## Thinking in Portals

**\*\*Thinking in Portals\*\***

**\*\*A/N:\*\*** Portal. I do love Portal. Enjoy.

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** I do not own Portal or any of the characters/cubes mentioned therein.

\* \* \*

><strong>Not in Cruelty<strong>

She had to admit, there was something kind of charming about it.

It grew on you, slowly, like moss on stone. So far, it had gone to good use in this test chamber. There were several points where it had been quite clear that the continuation of the test would have impossible without it. So, Chell liked to think she owed it a debt of sorts.

Even if it was a cube.

At first, she had been wary of it. It had that air of something that could explode at any moment, given the chance, and so, she handled it with the utmost care. Afraid to touch it with her bare hands, she was suddenly glad for her combination portal/gravity gun. She shot, it rose off the ground, and so, her relationship with the Weighted Companion Cube began.

"The symptoms most commonly produced by Enrichment Centre testing are superstition, perceiving inanimate objects as alive, and

hallucinations. The Enrichment Centre reminds you that the Weighted Companion Cube will never threaten to stab you and, in fact, cannot speak."

It had hearts printed on the sides. An Aperture Science Weighted Storage Cube... with hearts printed on the sides. Who could resist a cube with hearts printed on the goddamn sides? Really. It was clear that the mysterious benefactor, who hid behind the walls and antagonised GLaDOS, could not. During her time in the test chamber, and just when she was beginning to become attached to her new tri-dimensional quadrilateral friend, she had come across a second 'backstage' area — a part of the wall where the piston was broken, showing what lay beyond the chamber. She utilised the Portal Gun when the gap was too small for her to fit through, and read the writings on the wall.

\_Not in cruelty\_

\_Not in wrath\_

\_The REAPER came today\_

\_An ANGEL visited\_

\_this gray path\_

\_And took the cube away\_

Chell had never felt so alone in her living memory. Desperately, she held on to her Cube. \_Never leave me.\_

\_Because I could not stop for Death, He kindly stopped for me. The cube had food and maybe ammo. And immortality.\_

Her stomach rumbled. Automatically, she turned to her Cube. He — somewhere along the line, she had begun to think of Companion Cube as a he... and, she noted, he wasn't \_the \_Companion Cube any more, either — might have food stores? Inside?\_ But then, would he not have given them to her, if he loved her so?

She paused. It was no longer a matter of \_if he served her.\_ It was now a matter of \_if he loved her\_. She allowed her arms to drop to her sides, and regarded Cube with a new kind of reverence; fear.

\_Are you afraid of me, Chell? I thought you loved me.\_

Chell blinked.

\_Now I'm losing my mind. I'm in love with a cube. Brilliant.\_

\_I'm not just a cube. I'm the Weighted Companion Cube. \_Your \_Weighted Companion Cube. But we can't talk here. Take me somewhere safe. Remember, SHE'S WATCHING YOU.\_

Without thinking, she pulled back a foot and drove it right into him, as hard as she could. He flew through the air, back through the portal, and she sank to the ground with the sudden pain in her toes.

"The Enrichment Centre reminds you that the Weighted Companion Cube cannot speak. In the event that the Weighted Companion Cube \_does\_ speak, the Enrichment Centre urges you to disregard its advice."

The rest of the test, after her quick recovery, passed by in awkward silence; Chell was not talking to Cube, and she made sure he knew it.

End  
file.